BY ELIZA F. POLLARD,

Author of "Robert Aske," "Avice," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CULPRIT.

MR. IRVING and Sylvia duly arrived at Porton. It had not been by any means a pleasurable journey homeward, for each had maintained a strict silence. As soon as possible, so the Vicar thought, he must see Dr. Nunn and explain all.

"I am happy to tell you she is at the Vicarage with Miriam," said Mr. Irving, standing with his back to the fire in the Doctor's parlour, later. "It was a most fortunate thing that I arrived at Waterloo so much too early, or rather, I should say it was God's providence. She had fallen into the hands of some man of more than shady character, I suspect. HE only knows what would have become of the poor child. The fellow's sudden disappearance when I came on the scene will, I trust, have opened Sylvia's eyes. How is it you did not notice her absence soon enough to send after her?"

"She is in the habit of locking herself up in her bedroom for hours together," said Miss Nunn, "so when she did not come down to tea we thought she was either with Miriam or upstairs. It is only a couple of hours ago that we discovered she was gone; father found this letter on his table when he came in," and she handed the Vicar the following lines:—

"DEAR GRANDFATHER,—I am writing this to tell you that I must go. I have borne it just as long as ever I can, but now I have made up my mind I cannot endure this life. I must live; at present I am *buried alive!* I am going to London. I have a little money—£10; father gave it me before he died. I hope that will last me until I get an engagement of some sort. Don't worry about me. I have my voice and I am fairly good-looking, so I shall make my way. I am sorry to vex you and aunties, but I am not good like Miriam. Try to forgive and forget. Your rebellious granddaughter,

"SYLVIA."

The Vicar laid the missive down. "It is the letter of a thoroughly naughty, spoilt child, who has been flattered and made much of until her head is turned," he said. "I am too worn out myself to discuss the subject to-night. It will be as well, perhaps, to leave her at the Vicarage with Miriam for a day or two; it will give us time to turn round and see what can be done with her."

"Send her back to her mother who brought her up, we cannot keep her here to disgrace us," said Miss Nunn.

Bessie kept silence. Her tender heart was sore for the girl.

For the first time the Doctor spoke. "No, Mary, I shall not send her back. Sylvia has done wrong, very wrong, but I do not believe her to be really bad. We have not understood her, nor she us. As the Vicar says, we will take the matter into consideration. I cannot say how thankful I am you found the poor child, sir, but now get home yourself and to bed as quickly as you can, or we shall have you ill next."

The Vicar shook hands with the sisters and left, the Doctor accompanying him to the Vicarage gate. "Thank you a thousand times," he said, wringing his hand; "she'd have been lost but for you."

"Say, rather, but for God's care. I was but an instrument in His hands," answered the Vicar.

"You're as hoarse as a crow. Make Susan give you a hot posset, and stay in bed to-morrow till I come and see you."

"Very well," answered the Vicar, and

"'Grandfather, I am sorry,' said Sylvia." [p. 146.

next morning he found himself obliged to obey orders, having had a feverish, restless night.

Miriam's hands were full, waiting upon her father and Sylvia. That young lady was wholly impenitent.

"You'll go over after breakfast and say you're sorry," said Miriam, the first thing the following morning.

"I certainly shall not," Sylvia answered. "I am ready to begin again, and this time I shall manage not to be caught. I'm not of the goody-goody sort, Miriam; I want to enjoy life. Father used to say I was a butterfly, and butterflies love flowers and sunshine, and all things bright and gay; so do I, and the world represents all that for me. I long to fly away. It's of no use trying to keep me, Miriam, though I really believe I do love you as much as it is in my nature to love anyone but myself. There, I've made my confession. You see it is quite hopeless trying to tame me down to your life. Whatever influence you have with the authorities downstairs, use it to get me off; and now let me sleep, it's only seven o'clock—an unearthly time to wake a body up," and she turned her head on her pillow and fell asleep again.

Miriam was nearly dressed. She could not at all understand Sylvia, yet somehow she loved her. She had read with her father the story of Undine, and it struck her that this poor careless child was somewhat like the maiden in the German legend. Kneeling down beside her bed, she prayed for her tenderly, lovingly. She knew vaguely, from a few words her father had let drop, that Sylvia had run a great danger, and she thanked God, who had watched over and delivered her friend; and with something of a mother's tenderness she stooped and kissed the pretty flushed face, and so left her sleeping, whilst she went down to begin "the daily round, the common task."

The Vicar was ailing for a few days, and had to get someone to take his Sunday duty; but he was a naturally healthy man, and was soon all right again.

In the meantime, Sylvia remained at the Vicarage, and, except to obtain from her a promise that she would not renew her escapade as long, at least, as she was under Mr. Irving's roof, nothing was said to her. In fact, she obstinately refused to go out or to see anybody, sitting for the greater part of the day, curled up in a corner of the drawing-room sofa, reading or sleeping. She ate hardly anything, and was beginning to look thin and white. Miriam grew quite tearful over her, and coaxed Susan, much against her grain, into making all sorts of dainties for her. Naturally, Susan highly disapproved of Sylvia; in fact, Miriam got little sympathy for her friend from anyone except Miss Bessie, who, when her elder sister spoke bitterly of the girl, ventured more than once to hint that her training might be in fault.

"She's heartless, utterly heartless, wrapt up in herself," said the elder sister.

"That's no reason why you should let her die," exclaimed Miriam, bursting into tears. "She's eaten nothing all day, and all her fun and brightness are gone out of her."

The Doctor came in just at this moment, and, laying his hand kindly on Miriam's shoulder, said—

"If Sylvia has no heart, I know a little maiden who is troubled with too much. It's all right, Miriam; your father and I have settled what to do. I shall come round and see Miss Sylvia this afternoon. Perhaps you had better not tell her, or she might take flight; but I think you will find she'll have recovered her appetite to-night."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said Miriam, kissing her old friend. "I shall be so glad when it is all over. I feel as if we were all naughty and in disgrace; it's wretched."

"You and Bessie are positively foolish over Sylvia," said Miss Nunn, severely. "I've no patience with either of you. What are you going to do with her, father?"

"I'll let you know when I've seen Sylvia," answered the old gentleman.

CHAPTER VIII.

"JUST A SUNBEAM."

"SYLVIA, get up and listen to me," said the old Doctor, standing on the hearthrug of the Vicarage drawing-room, and looking not unkindly at the drooping figure of his wilful grand-daughter.

She so far obeyed that she lifted her head and raised her blue eyes to his face, but he noticed with pain the set, hard expression of the pretty mouth.

"I'm going to send you to London," he said, looking steadily at her.

In a second she had sprung up, and was standing in front of him.

"Not really, grandfather, not really?" she exclaimed, her voice positively trembling.

"Yes, really—upon certain conditions, which you must bind yourself to keep," he answered.

"What are they?" she asked, anxiously.

"I propose letting you study at the Royal Academy of Music," said her grandfather, slowly, "for two or three years, as the case may be. I do not approve of it, for I do not consider you physically strong enough for a professional life, and you have had no moral training to help you to guide yourself; but your heart is set upon it, and, if I opposed your will, undisciplined as you are, you would take it. Therefore, I shall let you go, doing my best to protect you, and trusting you to the care of our Heavenly Father. You have not sought Him yet, Sylvia, but the day may come when you will do so." He paused; she did not answer him, and he resumed—

"I have written to an old friend of mine, a former patient. She is not well off, and for some years has taken young art students, whose homes are not in London, to live with her. She has consented to receive you, and has promised to look after you as much as she can; but you will be virtually independent, so let me entreat you to take care how you use your liberty. I shall, of course, be responsible for your fees, and shall make you an allowance."

To the Doctor's astonishment, Sylvia's only answer was a burst of tears.

He looked at her silently.

"There, there," he said soothingly, patting her head, "be a good girl."

"I will," said Sylvia. "Grandfather, I *am* sorry," and she stood before him, the very picture of penitence.

"There, come home, and tell your aunts so," he said. "You won't be going away till the middle of January. See how bright you can make our Christmastide."

Sylvia shrank back. Aunt Bessie she would not have minded, but Aunt Mary!

Just then Miriam came in. She flew to her.

"Miriam, I am going to London! I am going to the Royal Academy to study!"

"Only she won't tell her aunts she's sorry for what has happened," said the old Doctor, sadly.

"Oh, yes, she will. Come, Sylvia," and taking her by the hand, they left the room together, the old Doctor looking after them as they crossed the lawn. "The girl has got a heart," he muttered—"difficult to get at, perhaps; it's all a question of diagnosis!"

Aunt Bessie tried to look serious when the culprit presented herself, but she was as thankful as Miriam that the cloud of disgrace had been lifted, and only too ready to forgive. Aunt Mary was made of sterner stuff, and stood out, refusing to kiss and make friends, until Miriam exclaimed—

"Oh, you must; it's nearly Christmas time, and Gilbert is coming. He is very unhappy, and we must make it bright for him, and no one can do that like Sylvia."

Now, Gilbert was Aunt Mary's especial favourite; he had been so ever since his first visit to Porton. In her eyes he was a model young man, but she neither liked nor approved of his missionary tendencies, and, well, if he should happen to take a liking to Sylvia, he would have to change his plan of life, and *that*, to her mind, was a very desirable thing. So, with this idea, she allowed herself to be persuaded, and extended her gracious pardon to her niece, saying, "I hope you will all be careful not to let Gilbert know of Sylvia's terrible misconduct. I consider it in the light of a family disgrace. Fortunately, her return with the Vicar after so short an absence has prevented it getting wind, and I trust it never may." After this speech she deigned to kiss Sylvia, in token of forgiveness.

That young lady was only restrained from an angry outburst by the pressure of Miriam's hand; but no sooner were they outside the room than she gave vent to her feelings.

"Vindictive creature! and you think I could possibly go on living with her?"

"Well, dear, you won't have to, as you are going to London," said Miriam; "but as long as you are here try and be nice; she's not half bad if you know how to manage her. The people say, 'Miss Mary scolds and speaks hard, but she never refuses to help anyone in trouble.'"

"She might do it in a pleasanter way, then," said Sylvia. "I'd rather have sixpence given me with a smile and a pleasant word, than ten times as much with a lecture and a cross look; but then, as father said, I'm a butterfly!" and she laughed merrily.

It might almost have been thought she had forgotten the events of the past week; for, satisfied that she had won the day, she blossomed out into such a joyous, merry girl.

"Miriam," she said one Sunday after service, "your school children sing horribly; let's train them for Christmas Day! We'll astonish the natives."

"Isn't it rather late to begin?" replied Miriam.

"No, we'll work them hard; let's go and talk to the Vicar," and away she went.

The Vicar was willing, if she could manage the organist, who happened to be the village schoolmaster.

Sylvia laughed, she never doubted her own powers; and before two days had elapsed, the schoolmaster had been won over, young girls and boys hunted up, and a regular choir was in course of organisation. Miss Bessie was called upon to help, and indeed her presence and authority were necessary to keep the wild young spirits in check. The first time Sylvia sang to them as they stood round her in the organ loft, there was one murmur of admiration. It was a triumph in a small way, and she was well pleased.

When Gilbert came just a week before Christmas, he found the whole village, as he said, "music mad." It was wonderful what Sylvia had done in that short space of time; but she was in her element, thoroughly enjoying herself, and inspiring others with a like feeling. Miriam was loved in the village, but this brilliant young creature, who had startled them all into life, was adored. She would go first into one cottage, then into another, hunting out the best voices, as perfectly at home as if she had done nothing else all her life.

"She's just a sunbeam, and I likes her looks better each time I sees her," an old grandmother declared to Miss Bessie, and instead of being in disgrace and looked down upon, she suddenly became *the* person of the village.

"If you only had not promised she should go to London she might have settled down, now she has found something to do," said Miss Nunn to her father.

But he knew better. "It would not have lasted," he said; nevertheless he could not help being proud of his pretty, accomplished grandchild.

Only Miriam felt that something was lacking, and she said sadly to Miss Bessie a little later, "Sylvia never seems to care for the words of the hymns; I wish she would."

"It will come to her some day, dear—at least, let us hope so," answered Miss Bessie.

One morning the Vicar and Miriam were sitting at breakfast.

"Father, the long pond is frozen over—the postman told Susan this morning; we shall have some skating," said Miriam.

"I was thinking so when I rode by yesterday," answered Mr. Irving. "You might walk there with Gilbert and see if it is strong enough to bear; if so, we'll all go down after lunch."

"I wonder whether Sylvia can skate," said Miriam.

"If not, she'll soon learn. I think that young lady can do pretty well anything she chooses," replied the Vicar.

Sylvia could skate a little, so that afternoon they all went down to the pond and enjoyed themselves with that glad power which is the prerogative of youth and health. Even Gilbert, who had by no means recovered his spirits since his father's death, was more like his old self as he skimmed over the ice with Miriam, who was a splendid skater. The winter sunshine, the keen, frosty air, the exhilarating movement brought back to him that zest for life which a great sorrow, the loss of one nearest and dearest, seems always for a time at least to suspend.

The Doctor and Miss Bessie had come down to witness the sport, and the old gentleman remarked, "Gilbert's gone back to his allegiance, I'm glad to see. If the Vicar doesn't take care, those two will make a match of it yet."

"Nonsense, father. She's a mere child, and Gilbert's off to Africa as soon as he is ordained; he told us so yesterday. Miriam is only sixteen," said Miss Bessie.

"Gilbert will, I hope, come back," answered the Doctor.

"But it is quite decided Miriam is never to leave her father; he could not bear it," urged Miss Bessie. "You know how jealously he guards her, and I am sure she is too good a daughter to go against his will."

"Of course, there will be a struggle between love and duty," said the Doctor, "but my experience is that love mostly wins the day in the long run."

"I hope not in this case," said Bessie; "it would grieve the Vicar so," and she looked anxiously at the tall figure of the man for whom, in her unselfishness, she would have sacrificed the dearest wish of her heart.

"Well, if we live long enough we shall see who is right," answered the Doctor. "I'm going home, Bessie, and you had better do the same. It's very well for the skaters, but it's cold work looking on," and he turned away.

Obediently Bessie followed him, though she had looked forward to the walk home with the Vicar and his party.

Such opportunities were her rays of sunshine, and brightened her colourless life. Too often, alas! as on the present occasion, she had to forego them.

None of those who spent that Christmas-time together ever forgot it. In the years which followed, it stood out bright and clear, a luminous spot in their horizon. Never had Mr. Irving had his church so full on Christmas Day. The new choir and the reputation of Sylvia's voice brought people who made distance an habitual excuse for staying away; and as the fresh young voices gave forth their glad "Hallelujahs," many a heart rejoiced with a till then unexperienced joy, and Gilbert realised more fully perhaps than he had ever done before that it was to be his privilege to carry "the tidings of great joy" to those lying in darkness and the shadow of death.

(*Continued on page* 161.)

WANT OF SLEEP.

ARE you afflicted with insomnia? Perhaps you have too much time for sleep. Perhaps you depend too much on sleep for rest and recuperation. For sleep is not the sole rest of used-up nerves. Sociability, congeniality, and the enjoyment of good company rest the body quite as much as sleep.

The dreary monotony of life in many a household, involving this tumbling into bed with the mechanical regularity of a machine at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, does not always rest and refresh weary bodies. "Early to bed and early to rise" does not always make a woman healthy, wealthy, or wise. Numbers of organisations are only capable of five or six hours' sleep at a time, and their early lying down to rest is often succeeded by an early waking up and a consequent restless tossing for hours preceding daybreak.

The practisers of mechanical punctuality are often considerably surprised, after breaking their own cast-iron rules and passing one or two hours of mirth and enjoyment past their usual bedtime, to find themselves even more refreshed in the morning than usual. The relaxation of sociability has rested them more than would sleep or an attempt to sleep.

But these are beneficial conditions not easily reached in the average family. In fashionable life we see a formal and exhausting evening of more or less injurious dissipation. On the other hand, the evenings of great numbers of families are monotonous humdrum. They involve an assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same uninteresting gossip, the same paterfamilias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overladen with family cares.

Fresh people with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, fresh plans and interests entered upon, anything to stir up and gently agitate the pool of domestic stagnation are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such fresh people to bring about these results.

The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be the business after the day's work was done to entertain each other and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds if not thousands of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from the utter lack of domestic recreation.

Let mothers especially do all they can to secure whatever will yield wholesome amusement and mental refreshing, and so avoid stagnation in their domestic life.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"SPEAK evil of no man." "Be ye kind one to another." What constant iteration we find in Scripture as to the duty of kindness! How every chapter almost pleads for love! It is summed up as our whole duty; and when we look out upon the world and see how mankind fret, worry, and maliciously injure each other, we do not wonder that our Heavenly Father insists upon the law of love among His children.

It would seem that kind words are almost as powerful as are good deeds, and yet many consider them of little account. People excuse themselves for rough words by saying that they *mean* all right. Why not, then, *speak* all right? Others say of an irritable person, "His bark is worse than his bite." What need, then, of that angry bark?

There are women, Christian women, who are constantly doing acts of kindness in caring for the sick, helping the aged poor, and clothing the children, thus fulfilling the law in one direction while they break it in another by speaking sharply and ungenerously of their neighbours even when in the discharge of these Christian duties towards them.

One of the best women I ever knew made it a rule of her household while her children were yet young that no scandal, no uncharitable gossip, and no severe comment upon her neighbours should be permitted in her presence. Reared from their early infancy to speak gently to each other, to speak kindly, or not at all, of their neighbours, her children never formed the dangerous habit of gossiping or tattling about the affairs of their comrades. In their home they never heard the faults and shortcomings of their friends discussed, so that the observance of courtesy and the use of kind words became to them a second nature. The Christian graces of forbearance, charitableness, and long-suffering in their intercourse with others became so natural to them that as they grew older they had less to unlearn than most have, and the exercise of these virtues seemed to cost them no effort whatever.

Mothers frequently contract the habit of speaking very sharply in correcting their children. Can anything be worse for the child? What must be the temper of mind of a daughter who can say of her mother, as more than one has said, "Oh, well, let her scold; it does her good and it doesn't hurt me!"

A good old grandmother used to say to her grandchildren, when she heard angry speaking among them, "Wait! Now count ten and then say what you have to say!" When the count had been made, the displeasure had passed away and there were no more angry words.

But that injunction was for the child. To the grown person whose habit in speaking sharply has been confirmed by long use, there would seem to be the need of more than ten. Perhaps ten times ten would scarcely be enough to dissipate the angry words that are struggling for utterance.

Planted in the heart of the young, this law of kindness grows up a beautiful flower; it bears the sweet fruit of peace, which ripens in the sunshine of God's love until the angel reapers shall harvest it as the ingathering of that blessed message which God's angels brought to the earth when the child Jesus lay in the manger: "Peace on earth, good will to men." W.

Asleep.

THE BOYS—ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

THEIR dark heads on the pillow white,
How warm and snug they lie at night,
Walter and John, our household's pride,
In peaceful slumber, side by side!
The busy day's bright hours are done,
And all the lessons and the fun—
The race to school to gain the door
And enter boldly in before
The clanging bell with brazen shock
Stops on the stroke of nine o'clock;
The tussles grim with verb and noun;
The master's gracious smile, or frown;
The school dismissed to romp and play;
The sums and grammars thrust away;
The scamper home; the sudden din,
By which we learn "the boys are in;"
The peg-tops in the hall; the time
They take to get undressed, and climb
Upstairs to bed—these things are past
When, side by side, they sleep at last!

Awake.

Walter is always first awake,
And sits up in the bed to shake
His sleepy, drowsy brother John,
Who, by himself, would slumber on
Till long past eight, and break the rule
Each day by going late to school;
And this, you know, would never do!
John is the younger of the two,
And Walter, like a little man,
Aids and protects him all he can!
Kind deeds of loving-hearted boys,
Though unattended by the noise
And dust and trumpetings of fame,
Are worth the doing, all the same!
From tiny seed and hidden root
We trace the growth of flower and fruit;
And these bright lads may live to be
Lights of the twentieth century—
Leaders of men, their country's pride,
Beloved and honoured far and wide!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

"IT'S ONLY MY HUSBAND."

A Conversation for Wives.

MRS. SELFURST. Good afternoon, Mrs. Fullilove. Why, what a precious hurry you seem to be in!

Mrs. Fullilove. I do not like wasting time, Mrs. Selfurst.

Mrs. Selfurst. Of course not. But I always think that a woman's time is her own—or ought to be. Though there are some women who are never still, bothering about home, or children, or husband. I should not be surprised if *you* were hurrying off about something for "the master," forsooth.

Mrs. Fullilove. Well, I am, and cannot stop. But I see you are going the same road—shall we chat as we walk?

Mrs. Selfurst. Certainly. So you *are* on an errand for the husband! I guessed it. Now, look here. Don't you make yourself a slave for anybody! I know you have a husband who is what the schoolboys call "a stunner," and I only wish that my George were like him. Yet I wouldn't put myself out for *any* man, none the more for that.

Mrs. Fullilove. There is no "slavery" where true love is, Mrs. Selfurst. You forget. Love in the home makes every duty and every trouble light. And as to one's husband——

Mrs. Selfurst. Fiddlesticks! *I* know what a husband is. From the very day I was married I made up *my* mind to please myself first. Only let a man know that his wife is at his beck and call, and good-bye to her freedom.

Mrs. Fullilove. Really, I cannot agree with what you say, Mrs. Selfurst. When my dear Hubert and I started house-keeping together, we took for our motto the beautiful saying of Paul: "By love *serve* one another," and I have found the advice more than happily true.

Mrs. Selfurst. Well, perhaps you might. But I go on this principle—you must show your husband that *you* stand first—that *you* have your "rights" as well as he has, and that you are quite as independent.

Mrs. Fullilove. And what is the result?

Mrs. Selfurst. Well, sometimes I get my way, and sometimes I have to wait.

Mrs. Fullilove. No, I mean—does your principle of "self first" ensure true happiness in the home, and unbroken love between you?

Mrs. Selfurst. Oh, we have our "tiffs," I admit—as most married folks do; and now and again we really do get to saying right-down hard things.

Mrs. Fullilove. That is it, you see. No quiet, no peace; and yet we all believe that home should be the dearest, happiest place on earth, and especially so, I think, for a man, with all the worry of his work, and the many temptations to seek outside pleasures.

Mrs. Selfurst. Well, I must say that I've not looked at the matter from that side exactly. "It's only my husband," I always say, "and he mustn't be particular." Still, I confess that there *is* something in what you say; and my George does very often spend an hour or two at the tavern which he might pass with me, as well as share with me the money it costs him.

Mrs. Fullilove. Decidedly. From what I have seen, I believe that "It's only my husband—anything will do for him," is a terrible mistake. It may seem to some women that they gain a great deal in feeling that they themselves are pleased first of all, but how much do they lose? A man is not insensible to little attentions and kindnesses on the part of his wife, no more than she is insensible to her husband's indifference.

Mrs. Selfurst. True, I say to that last. I'm certain that though I like to suit myself first, I should really show greater love for my George if he made me feel more often that he considered my little likings.

Mrs. Fullilove. Well, let me persuade you to give my method a trial. Just show your husband that you have *his* comfort and welfare at heart—that selfishness has no place in the conduct of a true wife. Let him see that your one desire is to make him happy, even at the cost of some self-denial, and I'm sure you will not regret it.

Mrs. Selfurst. But don't you think men are too selfish by nature themselves to appreciate a wife's kindness and love?

Mrs. Fullilove. As a rule, no. What won't a husband do for his wife? After all, you know, they are the bread-winners, and on them we wives must depend.

Mrs. Selfurst. I see. All husbands are good—it is only the wives who are at fault!

Mrs. Fullilove. I do not say that; although, perhaps, having such a dear fellow of my own, I speak as I do in their praise. But to be practical, Mrs. Selfurst. I do wish you would, in some spare minute, just turn to and read a favourite chapter of mine in the good old Book on this very subject—the fifth of the Ephesians. There is such splendid advice to both wives and husbands in it. Really, the Apostle seems to have exactly your case in mind. You will notice as you read it how he speaks of wifely service, but the submitting is to be "as unto the Lord," so making us—not "slaves" to our husbands, but servants of God. Isn't that idea a grand one?

Mrs. Selfurst. I must say it sounds very fine.

Mrs. Fullilove. And then, on the other hand, how beautiful is the counsel to the husband: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." Just add to these what is said before: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another," and I think you have a perfect picture of what domestic conduct and feeling should be. But I must stop, or I shall weary you and not do my little errand. I think you see my meaning, Mrs. Selfurst?

Mrs. Selfurst. Yes, I do; and—and I begin to see that I have been content to live my married life at a very poor level.

Mrs. Fullilove. But why should you any longer? Why not have one's husband the kindest fellow, the best helper, the truest friend to you, with warmest love and sweetest happiness at all times? It is possible, I know.

Mrs. Selfurst. Then I think I will make an effort for it, and trust for brighter times. Will you give me a hint or two if I need such?

Mrs. Fullilove. I shall be only too glad; and may God bless your home-life as He has mine. Good-bye!

FOR MOTHERS AND WIVES.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Babies' Rights.

A GOOD mother remarked not long ago, that although much is said in these days of "Women's Rights," few people speak of the rights of the babies. Yet babies, she declared, have rights as well as others, and their rights ought to be respected.

Of course, this good mother spoke truly. Babies have rights—they have a right to good food; to suitable clothing; to fresh air, sleep, exercise, and amusement; to education physical, moral, and intellectual. Parents are bound to see that the children whom God has given to them have what they need for well-being as far as those needs can be supplied. When a baby does not obtain his rights he cries, and he has a right to cry.

Besides those just named, this good mother went on to say that baby has rights which are not generally acknowledged. He has a right to truth, a right to respect, a right to be taught early to rely upon himself. It makes a great deal of difference to baby when these rights are accorded to him.

In some nurseries "harmless untruths" are part of the system of infant management. "All done, now," nurse says, when she thinks baby has had sufficient food, although a portion remains untouched. Or, "Baby go ta-ta to see gee-gees," she cries when about to carry him from the pleasant parlour, where he is the centre of attraction, into the quiet nursery, to which he would rather not go. Yet all the time she has not the slightest intention of taking him out of doors. Falsehoods of this sort are regarded as trifles, but they are really criminal. Babies are quick to notice earlier than we think they are, and a baby deprived thus of his right to truth is put in the way of telling lies later.

A baby has a right to respect. Where is the sense of calling him a "tiddy 'ittle dear"? Such behaviour simply has the effect of spoiling the Queen's English for him; he is much more likely to speak elegantly and fluently if he is addressed in simple language clearly uttered. To speak to a child in broken English is to treat him as if he were a fool.

A baby has a right to be taught early to rely on himself, and to wait on himself. Children of wealthy parents are sometimes unfortunate in this respect. They are waited on hand and foot, and cared for so incessantly that they become powerless to help themselves. Miss Octavia Hill says that "to give relief to the poor is not one-hundredth part of the help to them that self-reliance is." So we might say very much in the same way, "To care for and guard a little child is not one-hundredth part as good for him as training him to help himself would be." A baby that is never allowed to creep on the floor and use his limbs will get far more knocks and tumbles in the long run than will fall to the share of the child who has been allowed judiciously and gradually to "fend for himself."

Let us mothers, then, give the babies their rights. We are unjust even to little babies when we do not render to them what is their due.

Beautiful Hands.

"If I had another pair of hands to keep for best, I should not mind doing housework; in fact, I think I should rather enjoy it," said a young wife once, and she is not the first woman who has sighed as she has noted that the performance of her daily duty was injuring the shape and texture of her hands.

A soft, white hand is an excellent thing in woman, there is no denying the fact. The lover kisses it reverentially; the husband rejoices as he feels its touch upon his brow. Also there is no denying the fact that housework has a tendency to make the skin of the hands hard, and to spoil their shape. Yet surely idle hands, useless hands, do not count for much. Good wives and mothers would scarcely care to shirk the duty that lies nearest to them in order to keep their hands fair and white.

Without committing this cowardice, however, might not busy wives and mothers take a little more pains than they now do to keep their hands beautiful? Why not use gloves, for example, to protect the hands? Let those who have to do rough work act on this rule: "Whatever rough work can be done with gloves must never be done without them." This precaution alone will preserve the beauty of the hands for a long time. Energetic people have a contempt for workers who wear gloves, but their contempt is merely the expression of prejudice. With a little practice it is as easy to do the rougher part of household work with easy-fitting gloves, as with the hand alone.

Much may be done to preserve the beauty of the hands also by availing ourselves of the various labour-saving appliances now so easily to be obtained. But most important of all is it to keep the hands clean and warm. In winter-time the wearing of wristlets keeps the hands from becoming cold and numb, and may prevent chaps and chilblains, which are great promoters of deformity in the hand. When work is done, hands should be washed in lukewarm water, then dried most thoroughly with a soft towel, the hem of which may be used to press the skin back at the base of the nails. If the skin feels at all rough, two or three drops of glycerine should be poured into the palm of the hand, and rubbed into the skin. By adopting simple means of this kind, hands used daily for household work may be kept neat and pretty.

"Saying One's Say."

It has for a long time been taken for granted by certain worthy people that silence under provocation is a feminine virtue which it behoves all wives and mothers to cultivate. May a woman be allowed to express a doubt as to whether it is always desirable for them to do this? The best-managed and happiest homes are not those in which women quietly endure what is wrong, but those in which they try to mend what is wrong. Without denying at all that patience, forbearance, and good temper are virtues beyond all praise, we may still hold the opinion that mutual love and respect flourish best in the homes in which women kindly but honestly and bravely say their say.

For the benefit of those who find it difficult to accept this opinion, the following sentence is quoted from the writings of Ida Alden: "Married life is too often traversed single file. John leads, and in the rut behind him walks Martha at her leisure, expecting that he will steer clear of mud-holes that she may go dry shod. How much better for Martha to muster courage, and step forward to walk by John's side in tracks of her own; to keep his warm, loving hand in hers at every faltering step, and with clear eyes look forth with his, upon their little world. The woman who could do this would be neither a weak wife nor a timid mother."

Bottling Yorkshire Relish.

A DAY IN A SPICE FACTORY.

AMONG the many notable industries situated on the northern river, Aire, there are none possessing more varied interest to the visitor than the works and warehouses of Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co. at Leeds. If one started at the beginning of things in describing their manufactures, one would have to go to "the spice islands," to sunny Ceylon, to China and Japan, to Italy, South America, and the Antipodes, resting at last in the garden lands of Yorkshire, where eschalots are grown by the acre for Yorkshire "relish," and where fields of red poppies and lavender are cultivated for other branches of the mills, distilleries, and breweries.

The spice and condiment factory has several specialities. To-day the housekeeper buys a small translucent packet, melts it in hot water, and in a matter almost of minutes she has a jelly for the table quite equal to anything our grandmothers made. We therefore elect in our tour of the Leeds works first to inspect the manufacture of "jelly squares." Ascending to one of the top stories by elevator, we find all around stores of gelatine, which look like squares of old moulded glass, pale and transparent. After soaking for some hours, the gelatine is mixed with carefully filtered water, essences, and other ingredients, and melted at a very low temperature. If the heat is too great, the compound liquefies. The operation of melting being delicate, steam-heat is used.

From the storing and mixing rooms we proceed to the boiling floor, where there are a dozen coppers, each holding 120 gallons. They are swung in steam jackets. Two boilings a day take place, making some 2,280 gallons. The labour in this department is mixed, men and women sharing the duties. The heated jelly is poured off through gauze silver into quaintly-shaped cans, which the women carry into the mould room where the liquid is poured into flat tins to cool, the depth of the deposit being regulated, so that when solidified it can be cut up into squares of equal weight, each making a pint or half-pint of jelly. There is in a corner of this room a small laboratory for essences. Various flavourings are kept and manipulated here, where the most costly kinds are also stored. From this floor, the material being sufficiently cooled, it travels a storey lower, to be dealt with by a staff of girls. In the first place, however, it is put into cutting machines, which by pressure convert large slabs into squares about the size of a business card, but an inch thick. These squares are then dusted with powdered sugar, and carried on trays to hot closets, where they are dried in a temperature of eighty degrees. The final process is one of cooling, after which they travel by lift to the packing warehouse.

Passing through many stores of material, we ascend to the crushing-mills floor, where the first operations in connection with sauce-making begin. Here a number of mills are crushing and grinding garlic and eschalots. A novice standing over one of them would soon find himself weeping—he could not resist the pungency exhaled. After the crushing comes the preliminary mixing of the garlic and eschalots with other ingredients, that include fruit syrups. West India tamarinds also form part of the appetising stew. Our guide then introduces us to the room where the preparation is boiled in a series of bright steel pans. Each pan holds eighty gallons, and the atmosphere is filled with the vapour of a row of them, which are watched by careful attendants. From the boiling-room the sauce goes down pipes or shoots to the floor below, to be macerated in casks—a process which occupies seven weeks. Thence the sauce passes through strainers prior to storage, and runs into enormous vats, built like wooden towers all of a row upon the foundations of the ground floor, averaging from 3,500 to 15,000 gallons each. One of the taps weighs a hundredweight, and is made of gun-metal. Upwards of 6,000 gallons are run off every week. The bottling is done by women and girls, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. We were curious to ask the price of garlic and eschalots. The former is worth £16 per ton, and is grown in Italy; the latter, £28 per ton, are specially cultivated for sauce by local farmers and gardeners. Sauce improves with age, and on that account is stored in other enormous vats besides those in the regular bottling room.

Grinding Mills in the Pepper and Spice Department.

Another feature of the Leeds

Boiling Jelly for Squares.

factory is the grinding and preparing of pepper in its various forms. Before arriving at these mills, our guide calls attention to quantities of sacks and casks labelled "P. Pepper." The first process which the peppercorns undergo is that of decortication. This is the work of a specially constructed mill, and in combination with other machines, sifters, hoppers, grinders, and dressers the pepper comes out very different in form and colour from its original substance. Cleansed of husk and before it is ground, it is not unlike a large seed pearl, white and hard. In the course of its purification it is tossed hither and thither, rushed down this shoot, forced up that, until it is almost burnished; and when it is ground the meal is similarly dealt with, travelling from mill to hopper, from hopper to dresser, and so on, propelled by mechanical forces that deposit in automatic collectors the various qualities, the last and best of all coming out in a fine grey powder. This the pepper-master contemplates with pride, calling your attention to its colour, and pointing out to you that although it may to an unpractised eye look like powder, it is granulated, and under the microscope each particle would show its distinct individuality; "and that," he observes, "is proof of perfect grinding and dressing."

Passing sundry mills that are grinding cinnamon, ginger, cayenne, and other machines which are desiccating liquorice root, we are introduced to an entirely different industry. This is the manufacture of citrate of magnesia, of which Messrs. Goodall turn out tons weekly. Entering this department, we find in course of filling hundreds of those large bluish bottles that are familiar objects at all druggists'. In sight are stores of sugar, citric acid, and Epsom and other salts, all white, and more or less sparkling. These constitute the chief ingredients of the white granulated product. When mixed and flavoured, the dry-looking compound develops a slight moisture. It is thereupon placed in metal pans that are heated through steam jackets. It stiffens, but is pliable with the heat, and has the luscious appearance of sugar for wedding-cakes. At the right moment it is transferred to granulating machines, from which it is collected and laid out to dry.

But we must leave the main factory, and as we do so we realise to what extent the firm are brewers. Only partially protected from the weather, here in open ground are five vats, each containing 12,000 gallons of either ketchup or vinegar, brewed in a department above them, and from which they are filled.

In the Laboratory.

From the yard we enter sundry shops of a very different character from those just seen. Here are joiners' shops, saw-mills, and smithies, all fitted with the latest machinery, all engaged in making instruments and woodwork used in the sauce and spice factory. Then there are the tin works, in which the canisters are made, and adjoining is the box-making department. Here, after the boards have been cut to the proper size, is a machine which turns out boxes complete at the rate of 28,000 per hour; it makes 400 revolutions a minute. Most of the smaller machines are manipulated by girls, who prove themselves adepts in all

Packing Baking Powder.

the mechanical details of their work. They are singularly skilful in the making up and labelling of boxes.

Before quitting the factory for the warehouse, it is worth while to visit the laboratory. The chemist is evidently an important factor in such works as these. His room is fitted up with every necessary appliance for experiment and analysis, and no expense is spared here to gain the full benefit of scientific tests and investigations.

We are now invited to go over the warehouses in White Horse Street. Leaving behind over six acres of floor-rooms devoted to manufacturing, one is presently surprised to meet with over three acres of stores, with sundry fresh industrial features, such as the bottling of quinine wine, honey, and lavender-water. From the managerial rooms, through a busy scene of desks and book-keepers, our guide introduces us to further warehouses. We go from the ground-floor to the topmost storey straightway by lift, and there we walk out upon the roof, whence there is a fine view of Leeds. But what a roof! It is of high pitch, and how do you think it is tiled? Well, you do not see any tiles; it is shelved from eaves to apex, and upon these shelves are ranged large transparent bottles of castor oil. "Why?" we ask. "We buy the oil as imported, thick and dark," answers our guide; "it is then bottled as you see, and placed here in the light to bleach; it remains thus exposed in all weathers, and in the course of time undergoes a very advantageous change—it improves both in colour and quality." We saw it being finally bottled later on. The room was hot and oily; but the girls were doing their work just as cheerfully as others who were engaged with fresh bottlings of sauce, for in the warehouse there are also many vats and casks, the contents of which are being transferred to bottles. Nearly every room in this warehouse is alive with women and girls packing baking-powder, egg-powder, salad oil, olive oil, peppers, and sauces.

During the recent scourge of influenza, the demand for quinine and quinine-wine was enormous. In what is called the dry-room, selecting one of many large casks, our guide draws forth a handful of long, elegantly shaped leaves. "This," he says, "is the eucalyptus which has recently become so popular. Before the advent of the influenza the oil was hardly worth four shillings per pound; we are now selling it at twelve and thirteen."

In the dry-room also are cases of nutmegs, cloves, almonds, senna, all-spice, and liquorice; and porters were moving a cargo of honey from California, made up in well-packed tin cases, to be transferred to shapely bottles and jars, and labelled with pretty floral illustrations of the honey country.

"We know it is genuine," observes our guide, indulging in a humorous remark, "because we occasionally find a bee." He knew well enough that he might jest at the expense of the Californian bee-master who sends his honey to the English market pure and well-packed. Anyone who has travelled in the Great West, or has tasted the honey they give you for breakfast in Switzerland, could not mistake the excellence of the Californian product—not that the English bee-master does not compete with a delicious honey, but his hives are on too small a scale, while there is some danger of his being beaten by foreign produce.

Traversing these varied stores of spices, on the next floor you meet with a collection of every kind of farina, shellac, and cuttle-fish bones (used for making tooth-powder). It was from the dry-room adjacent that the honey was being removed; this product does not belong to what is called the dry department. The wet-room is only another part of the great warehouse; it contains capers, oils, scents, orange-quinine wine, lavender-water (distilled on the premises), and, as it seems to us, hundreds of other curious, familiar, and unfamiliar articles, not forgetting bromides, opiates, and even a cupboard of poisons. On the quaint bags and packages from every country under the sun, one noted with interest marks in Chinese and Japanese, Egyptian, Italian, Russian, Greek.

With a brief interval for luncheon, we traversed these works from early morning until evening, and found no corner of them that was not worth attention. It is difficult, in a few columns of print, to depict the various scenes of such a tour; yet we trust that this description will be in some measure as interesting to the reader as our visit proved to ourselves.

SUFFERING CHILDREN.

BY ALEX. SMALL.

God's angels come not as of old they came,
From heaven descending in their squadrons bright,
With rainbow wings, and raiment lustrous white,
Or earthward rolled in chariots of flame!

But even as Christ, in form a little child,
Came through the lowly gate of common birth,
So come the little angels still to earth,
With souls as loving and as undefiled.

God's gentlest angels come with power to move
The deepest, tenderest feelings of our hearts,
And by their innocence and winning arts,
To kindle dying faith and quicken love.

But oh! how oft our hearts with grief are pained
To think—when death has closed those azure eyes
In which still lingered light from Paradise—
How ill our heavenly guests we entertained!

Alas! what vile abuse and shameful wrong
(Though Christ is risen nigh two thousand years)
Still deluge earth with children's blood and tears,
Till martyred babes cry out, "O Lord, how long?"

Inhuman hearts, through lust of gold and wire,
Have lost each spark of Heaven, and have made
Of human sacrifice a daily trade
At Moloch's or at Mammon's evil shrine.

Thank God, in heaven these suffering ones shall see
The face of Him who bears a Father's heart;
And Christ as Judge shall take the children's part—
"What ye have done to them is done to Me!"

THE PARENTS' VOCATION.

WE feel assured it will be with much interest that mothers in general will learn that an association has lately been formed in America with the motto "For the Children's Sake," and called by the name of "The Parents' Association." Its chief objects are, in brief, a more careful study of the needs of the child, and the duties of parents in the training and education of their children, with such opportunities for co-operation and consultation as shall make parents helpful to one another in their high calling. Other secondary, though very commendable, objects of the society are to create a better public feeling and a more general intelligence on the subject, and to work towards the harmonising of home and school education.

It is too early a date to judge of the value of this association, but the prominent names in the American religious, educational, and literary world, which are found among its supporters, are an evidence that the enterprise is seriously undertaken. Though no directly religious purpose is avowed, it is impossible that religion should be excluded from any complete system of education—certainly not by the Christian leaders among its promoters. But whatever may be the outcome of this movement, its existence points to a fact of very great importance and significance to all English parents.

This is, that parents are beginning to look upon their parenthood as a *vocation*, a peculiar calling. True, there have in all times been fathers and mothers who did so—saintly people, who took life seriously and realised the enormous responsibility of training an immortal soul. Many of them had also the gifts and the grace to do their work both wisely and well—the sympathy with the heart of a child, the intelligence to devise the best methods. But then, as now, the large majority of parents were far from apprehending all that was involved in their calling; and then, as now, many who did realise it were not so trained or so endowed as to be able to do their work in the best way.

It is a happy sign of the times that many mothers are awake to the knowledge that this calling of theirs is one which demands their very best powers, cultivated and enhanced by all that the experience and the thought of other mothers can give them. It is a still happier thing that many fathers are awaking to the same knowledge; for it is too universally the case that, the training of the little children having been deliberately given over to the mother, the father does not feel called upon to take up his duty when the children grow older. Now there are signs of a change in this respect, and surely the generations to come will be the better for it.

Parents who have taken their duties to heart have in general supposed that to love their children ardently, to pray for them earnestly, to guide and guard them carefully, to instruct them diligently, were the beginning and the end of their duty so far as their moral and religious education were concerned. They are beginning now to see that though this may be all, as towards the children, it is not all as from themselves. Their duty is to fit themselves to do all these things in the best possible way. A man or a woman spends years of careful preparation for the vocation of teacher, doctor, professor; takes a longer or shorter course of instruction for the trades of carpenter, plumber, milliner; never ceases to read and study in order to more successfully labour as farmer, statesman, literary worker; and yet thinks that fitness for the high calling of father or of mother will come by nature, or by the grace of God, with no painful preparation on his or her part. The mistake is obvious.

Of course no study, no mutual counsel, will do, without God's help, what the teachings of the Spirit will do. But we have the best of reasons for believing that the influences of the Holy Spirit will be given most abundantly when men and women seek by all possible use of God-given faculties and opportunities to prepare for the duties and responsibilities of parenthood.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY!

IF you can do it, make your children happy. Kiss them now and then; be kind to them always; don't snap at them, and try not to misjudge them.

Do not be so severe to them that they fear you, and they will not be likely to tell you falsehoods. Children often lie because of fear. Naturally, most of them are truthful.

Never begrudge them praise for any little efforts they may make, and do not deny them a workshop. If you have no other place, shut your eyes to the litter of rags, and papers, and sticks, that scissors and penknives create in the sitting-room. The little ones are learning to be clever with their eyes and fingers. They make for themselves a little kindergarten whenever they are permitted to do so. We must always offer up a little sacrifice in this world. Better that it should be your carpet and the polish of the table-top than your children's improvement and happiness.

It is best not to talk over ways and means before children, or to keep before them the possibility of want. You can give them lessons in economy in a better way.

I once heard an excellent lady say that her childhood was embittered by the ceaseless fear of want. Her mother continually harped upon that string. Though living comfortably enough, this vision of future poverty was always being evoked for the benefit of the children. But poverty never came. Wealth did; but the children, who were anxious-looking maiden ladies when I knew them, had never gotten over their stinted, apprehensive childhood, that was never brightened by a gift of toys, a merry outing, the visits of young friends, or even the pleasant and simple feasts that little ones value so. Such cases are very rare, but this particular one shows that good people may make grave mistakes in such matters.

Common prudence will generally permit a mother to indulge her little ones' tastes in some degree; and anyone who has been to school should remember that school is a little world, and that a child who is ill-dressed or ill-provided with the proper bags and straps for books, etc., will suffer remark and criticism, and be unhappy. It is false economy to deprive children of the means of holding their own amongst their fellows.

Of course, I am not writing for those who *cannot do* these things, but to those who feel that "it is not worth while." Oh, it is always worth while to make children happy! So little will do it! You can bring smiles to their lips at so small a cost. You win their hearts by very kindness, and there is time enough in after years for all the stern and hard realities—for yearnings that will never cease save with life, for grief that mother's kisses cannot drive away. D.

A PEEP INTO MY CHINA CUPBOARD.

Ever since I was a wee child I have had a china cupboard. The one in the old days was a tiny corner cupboard, painted blue. It was fixed so high up I had to stand on a chair to reach it, though now-a-days it seems quite low down. And oh, the wonderful things it contained! Two whole sets of dolls' tea things, besides various mugs and plates with marvellously pretty views upon them.

My present cupboard contains, amongst other things, a collection of cups, and it is these I wish to show you. Here is

A Two-Handled Cup.

It is made of substantial Thun ware, and always speaks to me of *helpfulness*. The cup of cold water our Saviour spoke about must surely have had two handles, and also that "cup of consolation" Jeremiah mentions. Cups like this one are kept in china cupboards as curiosities. But it is well to keep the cupboard door often open, or to have a glass panel in it so that the two-handled cup may remind us of our power to help. A remarkable instance of helpfulness in a wife is presented in the case of Huber, the naturalist. Huber was quite blind, yet he found means to study and master a branch of natural history demanding the closest observation. "It was through the eyes of his wife that his mind worked as if they had been his own. She encouraged her husband's studies as a means of alleviating his privations, which at length he came to forget. He even declared that he should be miserable were he to regain his eyesight."

The Puzzle Cup

stands next to the two-handled one. It is very old and very curious; its sides are perforated with holes forming strange patterns, and a little from the brim is a row of small protruding pipes. If water is placed in the bottom of this cup, and an attempt made to drink therefrom, the liquid rushes out of the holes on to the dress of the would-be drinker. Many a laugh has been raised at these vain attempts. One day when this puzzle cup stood on a sideboard in the old home, I said to my father, "It is impossible to drink from this cup. How can it be a puzzle cup?"

"But it is possible," was his emphatic reply.

"How can it be?" I queried, impatiently.

"Well, try again yourself;" and try again I did, with the same dampening effects.

"Now," said father, filling the bottom of the cup again with water, "let me hold the cup as you drink, and place your lips just where I tell you."

I did so, and found that, instead of putting my lips to the brim, they had to be placed against one of the pipes, and that I drank safely of the pure water.

"How is this?" I exclaimed. "Why did the water not come out of the holes?"

"Because," said my father, "I was careful not to put too much in, and then I was careful to incline the cup on the side where there is a pipe ready to convey it to your lips. You thought those protuberances were only for ornament, but one of them contains the secret of how to drink from 'the puzzle cup.'"

Since then I have often had "puzzle cups" to drink from—mysteries of life—things which I could not understand—but remembering the puzzle cup of my childhood, I have thought, If my Heavenly Father holds them, all will be well, and some day He will explain to me all about them.

The Non-Alcoholic Cup

is the next near neighbour. It is like the puzzle cup—old and curious. In the inside is a little series of pictures showing the contrast between an abstainer's home and family and a drunkard's. The best drawn of the pictures is that of the drunkard's wife entering the shop of "Gripe," the pawnbroker. On the outside of the cup is the portrait of J. B. Gough, with some temperance statistics. At the bottom of the cup is the emphatic request, in large letters, "Put no alcohol in me."

That is just what all my cups seem to say to me. And how could I put it in them, or in any vessel of mine, seeing it is such a deadly enemy? If a mad dog came tearing down the street and some poor child was bitten by it, all the neighbours would agree that the dog must be shot. Alcohol has maddened and killed its thousands in our land. Let us determine, sisters, to have nothing to do with it.

If you take another peep into my cupboard you will see a brown cup there. It is

A Bitter Cup,

fashioned out of some kind of bark. My mother, in the old days, used to fill it with water, and after allowing it to stand for awhile would bid me drink it, thinking I needed a tonic. With a wry face I had to obey, but oh, how bitter that draught tasted, and what a long time it took me to drink it! Assuredly that was not the moment of my life when I felt most how much I loved my mother.

Yet probably that was the very time when I ought to have loved her most, seeing that it was mother-love which filled the bitter cup.

How many bitter cups there are in life! and some seem given us straight from the hand of our Heavenly Father. Ought we not to say, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

The Cup of Blessing.

That is the name I give to the *social* cup. There is one yonder, all brown with age, and cracked with use. Once it had a groundwork of pure white, and bars of gold across the whiteness made it a thing of beauty. But it is beautiful, even now, in my eyes, as I think how it has helped to cheer many a lonely heart.

It is a libellous thought that tea and scandal always go together. There are many poor women who put an extra pinch of tea in the teapot, and then send out and invite some neighbour to come and drink a cup with them. Sometimes it is a neighbour who is in trouble, and needs a little cheer on the way. Sometimes it is a sister who is getting too fond of the cup that enslaves, and who needs to be warned; or maybe it is some careless one, and the wish that prompts the invitation is that she may be won for Christ. The social cup in this way becomes indeed the "cup of blessing"—the King's cup, and we can use the words with a holy meaning, "I am the King's cup-bearer."

The Cup of Gold.

Do you see how brightly it shines? It is covered with gold, inside and outside, well burnt in. To me it speaks of the golden "cup of salvation."

Two men were conversing about salvation. Said one, "Do you mean to say that simply to believe in the Lord will bring me salvation and eternal life? I can never think so simple a thing could work such mighty ends." The next day they met at a pit's mouth. Said the Christian, "Do you mean to say that if I simply step into that basket it will take me right down into the earth, and afterwards bring me to light and sunshine again? Surely such a simple thing as a basket can never do that!"

The doubter of yesterday replied, "You forget the wonderful machinery by which the basket is worked, and the immense cost of the whole arrangement."

"Yes," said the Christian, "and you forget the wonderful plan of God's redemption, and the immense cost of salvation. It cost the death of God's Son." The cup of salvation is priceless in value. Would you not like to own a golden cup? One is offered you, why not take it? Why choose "the cup of wrath" instead?

Sometimes valuable cups are not recognised as such. A friend of mine bought part of a set of china at a second-hand shop in Birmingham. He knew they were beautifully painted, but it was years before he learnt their real value, and the significance of the Dresden wreath at the back of them—not till many were broken and thrown away.

Surely if the value and beauty of the "cup of salvation" were known none would refuse it, and when once obtained each would cry out, "See, I have it! I have it! The cup of great price!"

THE ROYAL CUP.

It has a portrait of the Queen upon it, and is kept in memory of her grand jubilee day.

Our Saviour has a memorial cup, a royal cup—have you ever drunk of it? It is cherished for His dear sake.

There is another royal cup we shall one day see. It will be at the marriage supper of the Lamb. From the east, dark-skinned daughters of the sun—they will come to that grand gathering. From the west, the isles of the ocean; from the north, land of the midnight sun; from the south, the black sisters of ours, whom Moffat and Livingstone learnt to love—we shall all meet, women of every clime, to swell the loud chorus of praise.

How we long for the time! And the prayer rises from the hearts of countless women of to-day, "Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly!" C. SKINNER.

GOOD NIGHT.

MOTHERS, send your little children to bed happy. Whatever cares press, never neglect to give them a warm good-night kiss as they go to their pillows. Whatever they may have done amiss during the day, never let them go to bed without that strongest assurance of complete forgiveness, that sweetest of all earthly benedictions, a mother's loving kiss. The memory of this in the stormy years which may be in store for the little ones will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My mother loved me!" Nothing can take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories.

Kiss your little children before they go to sleep!

Off to Bed!

ON HAVING TOO MUCH TO DO.

A CERTAIN writer has said, that amongst the various classifications to which human beings may be subjected, there is one which makes them consist, respectively, of those who have too little to do and those who have too much. Naturally a good deal of error lurks under such a generalisation, but it has a solid basis of fact, especially when applied to women, the greater number of whom would undoubtedly, if questioned, declare themselves among those who have "too much to do." There is an old distich which runs:

> "Man works from rise to set of sun,
> But woman's work is never done."

In how many cases this depends more on the woman's temperament than on her circumstances, it would be difficult to decide. Some women are insatiable in their appetite for work; the more they have the more they are willing to undertake. When abundance of household cares would legitimately excuse them from taking up anything else, they will throw themselves energetically into the labour of attending committees, organising bazaars, and are never so happy as when, figuratively, out of breath with their exertions. They neither desire nor need our commiseration. Their delight in labour usually results from abundance of physical and mental vigour clamouring for outlet, and work for them is a safety valve. Some, however, let themselves become overweighted through a species of vanity. They like to imagine themselves the axis on which a great number of interests revolve, indispensable to the working of all kinds of schemes. "It is the willing horse that does the work," and we cannot be surprised if the world occasionally imposes on these enthusiastic workers.

There are women whose "work is never done," not on account of its abundance, but because they lack method of arrangement and serenity of purpose. They look the whole day, with its various duties, in the face, and get worried and flustered before they begin. It would be a hopeless task to try to teach such women Pozzo Borgo's secret of getting through much: "*l'un après l'autre*"—one thing after another. "This art of keeping things distinct, doing one thoroughly before beginning another," says Borgo's biographer, "was his fairy wand by which he reduced most heterogeneous material to comparative simplicity."

Yet many mothers, who neither love "work for work's sake," nor have too much to do through lack of method, are, to use Bunsen's phrase, "beset constantly by conflicting duties." From early morning until evening they are confronted by matters which must be attended to, and which, they feel, they alone are able to arrange. To many women we might recommend Napoleon's classification of his duties, which he placed in three classes: those which must be done; those which would do themselves; and those which might be left undone. Perhaps we might think it a difficult task to decide what amongst our duties could be left undone. In our eyes all our little labours have their own importance. Yet could we draw up a table of our pursuits, some we should find might safely be relegated to Napoleon's third class.

It has been said that, work we little or much, five points should have a due share of our attention—the soul, the mind, the body, means of livelihood, and recreation. The tendency of women is to engross themselves in the multitudinous cares of the home, to the neglect of personal health, mental culture, and recreation. They are so apt to look upon recreation purely as a means of employing leisure, forgetting that it is to work, what shade is to sunshine—essential to the enjoyment and wholesome existence of the other. "All work and no play" will just as surely "make Jack a dull boy" as "all play and no work," and we must not expect to keep nerves unimpaired and judgment clear for our duties, if we neglect all means of relaxation. The nervous system can stand only a certain amount of strain, and there will come times when we must make instant choice between a break-down or a thorough rest. A business man once found that he had allowed to accumulate round him duties and responsibilities for which his strength was unequal. There seemed for him only one way of regaining health, and escaping a complete collapse. Giving directions that no letters or telegrams were to be sent after him, he went off to the lakes and mountains of North Italy. In two months he returned, recuperated for future work, having doubtless added some years to his life. Such desperate remedies are not practicable to many, but the possibility of such crises might be avoided if we rightly estimated the importance of rest and the necessity of keeping our duties within proper limits as to number and extent. It has been said that women do not know how to rest. A man when he is tired throws himself into an easy attitude, and allows mind and muscle to relax; a woman's way of resting after active work is to sit down and snatch up a sock to darn, or a little garment to remodel. She will tell you, if you expostulate, that it does not rest her to sit with folded hands. Such an answer but proves that the wearing properties of "work-fever" have gone deep.

Nothing is more difficult than to decide just when we ought to stop working, for the sake of others as well as for our own sakes; for whilst having too little to do weakens and deteriorates the character, the sense of "having too much to do" strains the nerves and impairs the temper. We find it hard to avoid the impatient word or petulant gesture when the tiny toddlers interrupt us with requests for games or stories; we begrudge to chance visitors the half-hour of friendly chat, and are intolerant of anything which encroaches on time already apportioned. Mrs. Gilchrist, whose "Life" appeared not long ago, was quick to recognise this fact, and nobly resolved "to lay aside her pen and refrain from all literary work until her children no longer needed her constant care and supervision." Thus to put a beloved and remunerative occupation into Napoleon's third class—things which must be left undone—required no ordinary amount of resolution, yet she felt herself amply repaid in the affection and the mental growth of those for whom she had made the sacrifice.

One thing we may believe, whatever pessimists say to the contrary—life was given us for happiness as well as for labour, and even our burdens were never so heavily adjusted as to crush us. When they seem to do so, it would be well for us to see if we have not, in our own hands, the means of legitimately lightening them. The true philosophy of life, for all times and circumstances, is embodied in the chorus of the song Buddha heard from the lips of the Nautch girls:

> "The string o'er-stretched and music flies;
> The string o'er-slack is dumb and music dies;
> Tune us the sitar neither high nor low."

ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

A SCHOOLBOY'S TREASURE.

THE contents of the boys' desks and boxes are usually mildly amusing, though sometimes touched with a pathetic interest, as every mother knows.

I lately read an account (says the author of "How to be Happy though Married") that was given by a master at a boarding school of what he saw on one occasion when he had to superintend the opening and searching of some forty or fifty desks, in connection with a supposed theft of the football funds. A pipe, a pistol, and other contraband articles were found in some desks. In one, a tooth-powder box, full of ants; in another, silk-worms and lettuce leaves. A burst of laughter arose when, from another, was produced a small leather purse containing, not the stolen money, but a young lady's glove.

"When I came to the desk of nearly the smallest boy in the room," says the master, "a small parcel fell from the owner's hand. A queer, whitey-brown paper parcel it was, bound round with string in the most intricate convolutions and series of knots. Of course, I had to examine that parcel. As I put out my hand for it, the boy hesitated. The other pupils exchanged glances, as much as to say that we had run the fox to earth at last. Even older and wiser heads thought the same. There stood the frightened, anxious little boy, his blue-grey eyes filled with tears, his fair face all marred with terror, and his soft, wavy, flaxen hair, that gentle hands had doubtless smoothed this many a day at home, all tangled now."

"Please don't open it, sir," pleaded the child, for such he was; "pray don't open it before the boys."

"Had I followed my own inclination, I should have given back the parcel unopened. But that could not be. With my penknife I cut through the string, undid the many wraps of paper, and disclosed to view a little pill-box, which might well have contained the missing money. I opened the box. There were no ants this time, no money either; but nestled in a bed of wool was a dainty locket, and with it a small scrap of paper, on which was written, 'For my dear Percy, with his mother's love.' The locket enclosed a piece of a loving mother's hair, and the little boy had been an orphan only a few weeks."

LOVE AND SONG AT HOME.

IT requires something more than four square walls with costly pictures on them, with carpeted floors, and other material luxuries, to constitute a home. The mansion may be gilded and palatial, and plenty may surround and beauty dwell within it, but if love, unity, and song find no place therein, it is no longer a *home*. To make home attractive, affection must lighten every load and sweeten every bitter cup. The music of a child's laugh should be there. Hand must be clasped in hand. Forbearance, fidelity, and truth must guard every avenue, and love share every labour and pain. Prayer and song should resound within the walls, and Christ be a welcome guest beneath the roof. So shall the livelong day be radiant with gladness, in the darkest hour sunshine will irradiate the gloom, and life itself become a sweet, holy psalm, sung in a wilderness of conflict and of toil.

"If my children get angry with each other," said a mother, "I at once make them all sit down and sing together in unison some pleasant hymn or song. Its soothing effect is magical. They forget their little quarrels, and go kindly to their sports again."

Grown people might profit by this recipe for healing family bickerings. When the loved ones lie down, with white hands crossed over a still heart, and answer us at home on earth no more, we shall be sorry for the unkind words rashly uttered, and wish we had never spoken them. Anger and strife will die before the breath of prayer, and song, and love, at home. D. T. T.

WAIT AND SEE.

WHEN my boy with eager questions,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking o'er and o'er again
Questions oft, to which the answers
Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
"*Wait, my little boy, and see.*"

And the words I taught my darling
Taught to me a lesson sweet:
Once when all the world seemed darkened,
And the storm about me beat,
In the children's room I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby brother's questions
Saying wisely, "*Wait and see.*"

Like an angel's tender chiming
Came the darling's words to me,
Comfort to my heart supplying,
Bidding me to wait and see.
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be?
And the Father in His wisdom
Gently bids us "*Wait and see.*"

WHAT TO DO WITH LAMPS.

KEEP them clean, and fill them each morning—of course, never to overflowing.

Look after the burner especially. It is here that dirt accumulates to an extent often dangerous.

Do not try to burn old, gummy, dirty oil. Use the best oil to be had—it is the cheapest, the cleanest, the safest.

Lamps having metal bowls are best and safest.

Have a good wick, and keep it properly trimmed. Trim off that portion which has been burned—no more.

Do not fill a lamp when burning—it is a dangerous practice. Have a separate place for the lamps and their belongings, and keep them there.

Use plain mats as stands, to preserve your table-cloth from oil-stains and marks of wear.

In getting new burners, see that they fit perfectly; also have the wicks the right size.

Handle the lamp carefully when alight; it is an invaluable friend, yet contains elements of danger.

Never turn down a lamp so low that the combustion is imperfect; this poisons the air and renders it extremely unhealthy. In case of accident, endeavour to keep cool, and extinguish immediately any flame by smothering it with a blanket or similar article. If a lamp be tipped over and is not broken, right it at once; if broken, pick up the part containing the wick and blow it out or toss it out of the window, thus avoiding further damage.

A MOTHER'S NOTES ON DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

JUST now accordeon pleatings are being very much adopted for trimmings, and also for the whole length of the dress skirt or mantle. These pleats cannot be made by hand with sufficient regularity, but there are machines used for the purpose, and the cost of having them made is not very considerable, while the pleating keeps in order much better than one might expect.

How dress skirts shall be fashioned still seems to be a vexed question. Some are being shown which measure eight or nine yards round, while others of the umbrella order are gored, and consist of as many as twelve or sixteen breadths, each marked by a piping or row of small jet or passementerie trimming. It seems inevitable that dress skirts will get wider as the winter comes on. Short skirts will be worn in place of the longer ones we have been used to.

Fig. 39.

Children's dresses are all made to fit easily, and most of them are short-waisted or fitted on to a yoke, which is tucked, gauged, or bordered with frills or ruches of various kinds. Indeed, the only novelty we see in children's dresses consists in the way they are trimmed. Folded bands of material or broad sashes are again being used, tied either at the back or at the side. Very little, if any, trimming is used on the little ones' dress skirts.

Cheviots, homespuns, tweeds, and all similar material will be very much used this autumn. There are many new varieties in pattern and texture, but the distinctive features of these materials are varied but little from those used last year.

Fig. 40.

While fancy materials prevail we find that plain habit-cloth holds its own. All shades of brown are very fashionable, especially fawn and cinnamon, both for cloaks and dresses. Manufacturers are very busy with materials in these shades.

Fig. 39 shows a taking dress for a little girl. The material employed is blue spotted tweed, and the trimming is of fancy braid such as is now shown in so many and such pleasing varieties. The fitting yoke is lined, and made to button at the back. The skirt is laid in large pleats and sewn to the yoke, the join being hidden by the trimming. The waistband is made of the trimming, and is set on so as to disappear under the pleats. A tight-fitting cuff completes the sleeve, which is arranged in two puffs divided by a band of trimming, the upper puff being the larger of the two. The dress will take from three to four yards of double-width stuff.

Fig. 40. Here we show a pretty, simple style for a young lady's dress. We thought it unnecessary to illustrate the skirt, as it is simply a plain one, lined throughout and trimmed with rows of braid of various widths. The body is very easy to make. The first thing to be done is to get a well-fitting lining; this should hook down the centre, while the material is taken over and crosses on the left side, finishing with a rosette. A wide collar or bertha finishes the neck, and is edged with three rows of braid or velvet, as is also the leg-of-mutton sleeve.

Fig. 41.

Fig. 41 is a lady's petticoat bodice suitable for making in longcloth, flannelette, or flannel. Either of the last-named materials is warm and easy to wash, but the longcloth is firmer and wears longer. If flannelette or flannel be used it is most necessary to get a fast colour, as we have seen a dress bodice stained through the colour taken out of a petticoat bodice by perspiration. Our illustration shows the bodice with the neck cut rather low. Most of our readers will prefer the neck higher; if so, they will please mention it when ordering the pattern. The bodice will take about one and a half yards of material. Embroidery in all colours suitable for trimming can be bought at very reasonable prices.

Fig. 42 is a gentleman's shirt. Under-linen of all kinds can be bought very cheaply, but the quality of the materials used is generally poor, and the work not of the best quality, so that the articles will not last very long, and consequently are not as cheap as they seem. Horrocks' longcloth is the best material to use, with linen for the collar, cuffs, and wristbands. These will have to be of at least two thicknesses, though it will be better to make them of three, the inner piece being of a coarser quality than that used for the outside. The shirt will take from three to three and a half yards of longcloth. If there is any difficulty in making the front, collar, and wristbands, they can be bought ready made in almost any size.

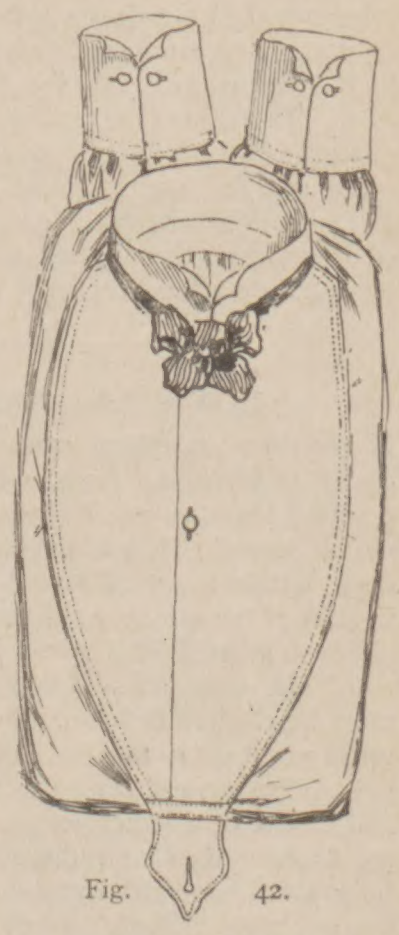

Fig. 42.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 39, 40, and 42, 6½d. each; Fig. 41, 4½d. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.